



Doctor. "YOU REALLY MUST KEEP YOUR SPIRITS UP. MY GOOD SIR SOME YEARS AGO I HAD EXACTLY THE SAME ILLNESS!"
Patient. "AH! BUT NOT THE SAME DOCTOR."

PRIVATE VIEWS: MOSTLY UNPOPULAR.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

NO. IV.—WHAT ARE WE?

("...Which has made Englishmen what they are!"—Any Public Speech.)

SAY what has made us English the English that we are!
Why are we so untameable by KAISER or by TSAR?
Before the flag of England why are all others furled?
Why do we rule in majesty a meek, submissive world?
Our armies march to battle, a thin, a scarlet rank,
And, lo! except for Englishmen, the battle-field is blank.
In hosts all foreign navies may gather on the main,
French, German, Dutch and Russian, and what is left to Spain;

But, should they dare to beard us, our coats we swiftly doff,
And doom them to a watery grave before a gun goes off.
Oh, dauntless is our Tommy, resistless our Jack Tar!
What makes these English heroes so splendid as they are?

To Africa's torrid deserts, to Mandarin'd Cathay
From teeming London's centre our commerce takes its way.
In Omdurman or Newchwang we still keep up our tails:
While others stand and haggle we lay the land with rails.
The lion in Uganda is startled from his dream
By English engine-whistles and puffs of English steam.
Yet would I that this lion, who stalks Uganda's waste,
Had not for native porters so obdurate a taste.
Each day these juicy natives are less by two or three,
And dark Uganda's lions have porter-steaks for tea.
And, oh, I did not wonder when England's Premier rued
That those who serve a railway should serve as lion-food.

With CAINE to write our novels, with AUSTIN as our pote
(This wounded word from AUSTIN's immortal works I quote),
Our literary England, as every schoolboy knows,
Conducts the car of poetry and leads the van of prose.
Our daily press is almost pathetically clean:
No blush it paints upon the cheek of charming seventeen;
Unlike some other countries, whose journalists must lie
In black and blatant headlines that take the public eye;
And where a mass of readers, un-English, rude and coarse,
Demands a daily pabulum of murder and divorce.
Our press, like all we own or do or think, is better far:
How comes this wondrous portent? What makes us what we are?

Each different orator I hear propounds a different cause:
One says it is our Monarchy, while one prefers our laws.
Another votes for cricket-fields, where thousands, stuck like glue,
Athletically sit and watch the play of twenty-two.
A fourth proposes farmers, the race whose sturdy toil
With unremunerative corn adorns the costly soil.
A fifth declares for Sunday, the one day out of seven
Designed to draw our English thoughts from earthly things to Heaven;

The day on which nor LAWSON nor HARMSWORTH may appear,
The day kept strictly sacred to Church and Mrs. BEER;
On which with good and pious things our moral selves we drench:
It makes us what we are, he says, and quite unlike the French.

Which is it? Church, or farmers, or cricket-fields, or trains?
Or County Courts, or Laureates, or long and brilliant reigns?
Our commerce or our navy, our girl's unblushing face?
Our strength, our health, our manliness, our Epsom Derby race?
Our passion for reposing on one day in the week?
Our golden hoards, our gilded youth, our little silver streak?
Each one of these has claimed, I know, in whole or bit by bit,
The manufactured Englishman as being due to it.
Yet ere we give our verdict, allot the envied prize,
And say what made the English, let some new seer arise
And tell us, while we hail him as wisdom's brightest star,
Not merely what has made us, but what in truth we are.



As the new "spiky" Ball-dress Material will
drive all the elegible dancing men off,

Except a few millionaires who can buy new
Dress Suits every evening,

May we suggest a suitable protection as above?



THE BLOCK IN PARLIAMENT STREET.

Little Bill (to Policeman A. B., Director of Traffic). "PLEASE, SIR, CAN'T YOU GET ME THROUGH?"

THE IDEAL NEWSPAPER.

Of all the men who hither hie
From law-court, club and City,
Is none so regular as I
In Lobby or Committee;
No bosom here more ardent burns
To air its typed reflection,
And Mr. SPEAKER often turns
His eye in my direction.

For prosy members may run on,
Or rant like any mystics,
But I am loaded with incon-
-trovertible statistics.
My secretaries days have spent
Red-inked, with hair dishevelled,
While in Blue Books and Parliament-
-ary Returns they devilled.

And yet, next morning—Oh, the beast-
-liness of these reporters!
I hoped to get at very least
A column and three-quarters;
But when I ope my paper, ere
My coffee has been swallowed,
I find it simply stated there
That "Mr. BLANK then followed."

A paper! What! these scraps of news,
These vapid, windy leaders,
These murders, would-be-smart reviews,
To tickle idle readers!
No, give us something solid, sen-
-sible, substantial, real—
Report us—me—verbatim, then
You get to my Ideal.

SARTOR VERY MUCH RESARTUS.

Now that a journal has been started deal-
ing with the costume of man, there seems
to be no reason why the touch-and-go artists
of the daily press should not devote as much
attention to masculine attire as they do to
the garments of the fair sex. Mr. Punch,
ever anxious to be more than up-to-date,
ventures to submit a couple of samples of
the style necessary to the cut:—

"At Church Parade yesterday we noticed
Lord ALGERNON BIGTREE talking with Sir
CHARLES McMUFFLER, the former wearing a
rich blue diagonal overcoat with ermine
collar and cuffs, which contrasted well with
a lemon and olive Italian silk necktie con-
fined by a massive gold ring studded with
rubies and emeralds, while the very curly
brimmed Himalaya hat was adorned on the
left side with a plume of mingled macaw
and humming-bird feathers. Lord ALGER-
NON's double cheviot trousers were of pearl
grey shot with carmine, and his gloves, lemon
sewn with olive to match his neckerchief.
He carried a Toothpick umbrella of the same
hues. Sir CHARLES's costume was less
aesthetic, but very effective. The coat, cut
away sharply over the hips, was of green
billiard cloth, with revers and collar of black
lambskin, the buttons being of Norwegian
silver, and the buttonhole of arum lilies;
a racoon cap with tail pendent was voted
very smart. Sir CHARLES's somewhat broad
neck (I understand that he wears 18 in.
collars) was enriched by an Indian bandanna
scarf, fastened by a couple of cairngorm
pins connected by a string of Scottish pearls.
The waistcoat and kilt were of the familiar
McMUFFLER tartan, red, white and blue—
a heavy lapis-lazuli watchguard being
thrown across the former, and an effective
addition to the costume was a phillibeg
of porcupine quills. In lieu of hose Sir CHARLES
wore cardinal velvet spat-puttees, fastened
with turquoise clasps."

"At the entertainment given last night by
the Duchess and Duke of KENSAL RISE the



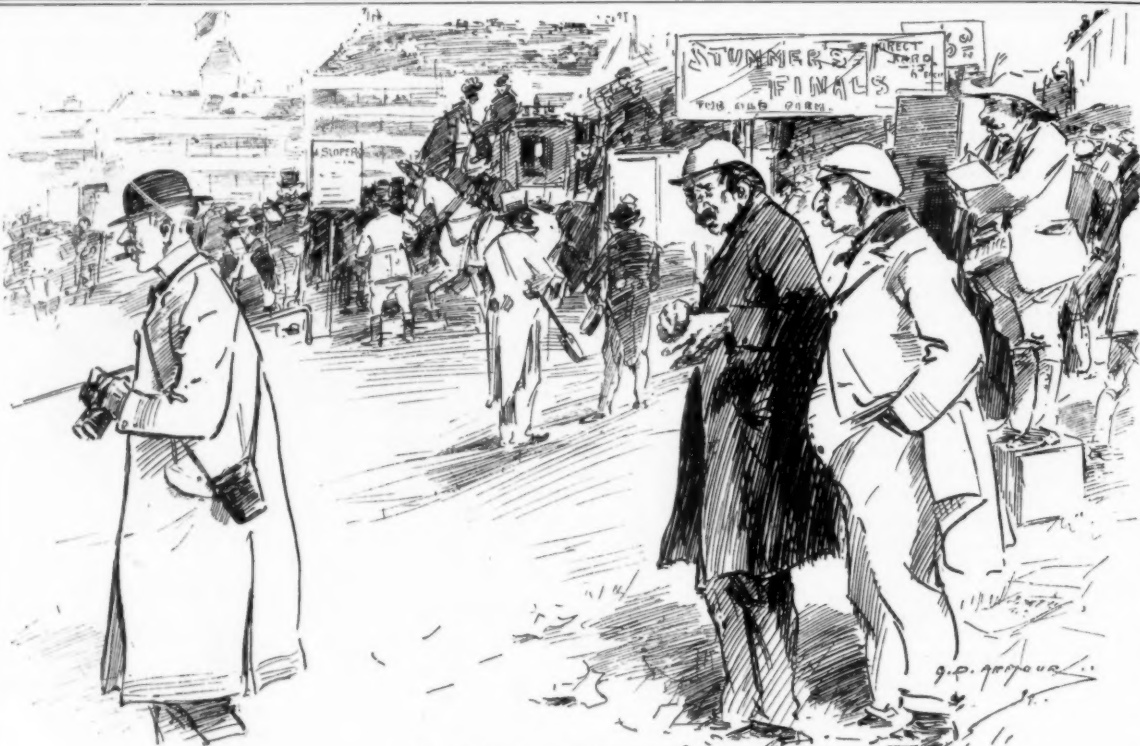
Mrs. Snobson (who is doing a little slumming for the first time and wishes to appear affable, but is at a loss to know how to commence conversation). "TOWN VERY EMPTY!"

beau of the ball was undoubtedly Mr. OREGON
P. VAN SLITTER, of New York, who appeared
in a complete suite of white Lyons velvet,
with white patent-leather shoes to match.
Mr. VAN SLITTER's only ornaments were the
splendid family diamonds, which almost
concealed the front of his matchless Valen-
ciennes shirt. The wealthy young Knicker-
bocker's auburn beard and moustache were
Vandyked, and his hair dressed in the
Charles I. or Cavalier style. Other remark-
able personages were Sir MEPHISTO PHILES,
in raven black, with scarlet shirt and stock-
ings and bloodstone buttons; Lord GRIMPO,
in an Alpine blue satin suit, with opal and
diamond ornaments; and Sir TITUS KLON-
DYKE, in orange poplin, with massive gold
embroidery and yellow diamonds crossing
his cloth of gold vest, cut very low in the

front, and fastened by two nuggets weighing
about half a pound a piece. The noble host
wore his famous black pearls and a milliner-
made suit of slate *moire antique*. The next
ball at Kensal Rise House will be a fancy
one, when some remarkable costumes will
assuredly be on view."

REFLECTION BY THE LONG-SUFFERING MACE
OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The right man
in the right place. Sir CHARLES DILKE
writing to the papers from "Speech House,"
Coleford, Gloucestershire.

A NEW "BAT"-TALION.—After the single
innings defeat, by Middlesex, of Lord
HAWKE's Yorkshiremen, that team was
talked of as the 'Awkward Squad!



AN ECHO FROM EPSOM.

"WOT 'S THE MATTER, CHAWLEY!"

"MATTER! SEE THAT HINNERCENT BABBY THERE? 'E'S GOT 'IS POCKETS FULL O' TIN TACKS!"

AYLWINNIEWYNNE; OR, THE ROMANY ROT.

(After Mr. Th-d-re W-tts-D-nt-n, by Mr. Punch's Depreciator.)

CHAPTER II.—Trilbi's Coup de Boubitrap.

THE following passage is extracted from the diary of AYLWINNIEWYNNE:—

Llanberis, Thursday.—This has been a most unusually trying day. I confess that it was not without a sense of boredom that I started on foot, after a hasty breakfast, bound for the summit of Snowdon, and escorted by TRILBI, who carried her basswn, a luncheon-basket for three, and a clasp-knife to cut out her heart with in case the dukkeripens went wrong. I had suggested the mountain railway, but TRILBI had menaced me in the region of the belt with a left-hand teaser from the shoulder unless I did as the dukkeripen told me.

Frankly, all this Romany rot was getting on my nerves. It seems there was WINNIE's dukkeripen that said she was to marry me; and TRILBI's dukkeripen that said she (TRILBI) was to lose her heart to a Gorgio—meaning me, though there was a full-blooded Gypsy high up on a branch of my family tree. Now, when dukkeripens disagree, honest Christians are supposed to come by their own. Still, the odds had an air of being against me in view of my recent trials. You see, when you get engaged to a girl, say, at Cromer, and the same evening her father desecrates your father's tomb, and takes a family carbuncle off his chest, with a curse attached; and then is found stark dead in a landslip with the carbuncle on his own chest, curse being handed down to next-of-kin; and his daughter goes off her head, and is subsequently heard of in North Wales, and then seen selling daisies in a fog outside the Haymarket Theatre; and then goes and sits for "Lot's Wife" and "The Pursuit of Innocence" alternately, according as she is in or out of a fit; and finally can't get out, but is taken home to Wapping and dies, and is traced to a pauper's grave;—well, you don't expect, after this, to meet her one fine morning walking up a precipice on Snowdon in the pink of health and ready to marry you at any moment. No ordinary person by merely playing on a Welsh basswn can produce these results. But then TRILBI was not precisely an ordinary person. Only the day

before, at tea-time, she had suddenly become rigid, and assumed the semblance of "Lot's Wife," and recited correctly the curse that went with my family carbuncle; for all the world as if she and WINNIE had exchanged themselves. To tell the trwth (as they spell it in these parts) all this rather unhelped me; and after an indifferent night I should much have preferred, as I said, to take the train.

But ah! that ascent! I have no space to describe it, but it is given in *Basdeker*, I hope with an asterisk. Suffice to say that when we reached the Knockers' Llyn the mountain, as so often happens, was silhouetted against the sky.

"Hear that?" cried TRILBI. "Them's the dukkeripens knockin' their heads together. That's why us calls it Knockers' Llyn. I've seed the spirits at it."

Calculating, as I did, the capabilities of the left biceps of this passionate Titaness even in her saner moments, I forebore to correct either her grammar or her facts. The noise came, of course, from the blasting at the slate quarries. But I humoured her, hinting that I heard the Knockers very well.

"Now for my basswn!" said TRILBI; "and I'll raise a livin' mullo for our feast!" The prospect of adding to our baskets this toothsome fish—for such I took it to be—was a source of solace; and I awaited eventualities.

In ten minutes, by my watch, the effect of the basswn, with solo, began to work. Up the side of the precipice, in an opalescent haze and a serge walking-dress, came the curiously lifelike figure of WINIFRED WYNNIE. I imagined myself to be the victim of an illusory cinematograph.

"My dear Henry, how do you do?" she said, as naturally as one could wish. Raising my hat, I replied, "An hallucination, I presume?" The prolonged embrace which ensued, almost too sacred for words, convinced me that my credulity was groundless.

"This waist is real!" I exclaimed, and I still think it was a beautiful thing to say.

"This is indeed a pleasing surprise," remarked WINIFRED. "I quite understood you were living with a Gypsy-woman in a bungalow."

"An unworthy suspicion," I replied warmly, "engendered by the calumnious organs of the Social Press. But you must have

quite a quantity of news for me, and I want my luncheon. Push on, dear one, if you please."

Clearing her throat, my love began to talk like the very best kind of book. Although the period of what I will call her absent-mindedness (covering a lapse of something under five years) was a blank, from the day when her sacrilegious father's corpse sat up in the landslip with a carbuncle round its neck, to the hour when she perceived two manly feet—since shown to be TRILBI's,—mysteriously protruding from behind a screen in D'ANTY's country residence, the lecture she delivered on the remaining portion of her recent career was so exhaustive in its elaborate detail, its artistic observation, its verbatim reports of conversation, that I am not ashamed to say that during the recitation of it I yawned more than once in the direction of the luncheon basket.

In reflecting upon the ornate rhetoric and poignant sympathy of this remarkable speech, and comparing it with a letter of D'ANTY's that I subsequently read, I can only conclude that she must have memorized it from that gentleman's dictation. Had I perused his letter in time—it lay at the moment unopened in my pocket, where it had been forgotten in the general rush of dukkeripens—I could have easily curtailed WINNIE's recitation and got on earlier to the luncheon. This meal, I may add, eventually proved to be my wedding breakfast, WINNIE's dukkeripen having got the better of TRILBI's. I append an extract from D'ANTY's composition—a model of the epistolary method—in which the solution of the two great associated mysteries of WINNIE's cure and the apparition of the protruding legs is shewn to be quite easy when you know how it is done.

CHAPTER III.—The Epistle of D'Anty.

HAVING been fortunate enough to witness the model's re-animation, which, by a divine coincidence, not to be lightly explained by the materialist, occurred, after a three-days' trance, at the precise moment when I happened to be calling upon her—for I had never wholly accepted the theory of her decease—I caused her to be conveyed from her Wapping apartments to the comparative luxury of my country retreat. I then sent for the famous Dr. SVENGALI, whose powers of magnetic mesmerism had become known to me through the historic monograph of the late Mr. DU MAURIER. It appears that by the Saltpetre cure it is feasible, under hypnotic tension, assisted by a powerful magnet, to take the disease of a patient suffering from disorderly hallucinations and transplant it into the receptive system of a healthy victim, with the result that the original owner of the malady is made whole, while the new proprietor, by the exercise of tact, easily throws off this temporary incubus.

Now, our mutual friend, TRILBI, whom I had been anxious to secure as model for my picture of "*Peneloponnesia*," very generously placed herself at our disposal in this matter, saying in her brave and picturesque way that she "did not care a brass balanser how many Gorgio cusses we stuffed her with." In the result, the simplicity of our experiment was only equalled by its success. Placing the two subjects on parallel couches, with a sundering screen which rendered them invisible to one another, save for the protrusion of TRILBI's admirable feet, Dr. SVENGALI emitted hypnotic influences; then, by the aid of a brain-pump and an exceptionally potent magnet, larger, on the one hand, than the common kind which attracts needles, but smaller, on the other hand, than the Horse-shoe Fall at Niagara, he effected the transfer to everybody's satisfaction. Miss WYNNE was at once rendered sane, though, if I may say so, less interesting; while TRILBI's recovery will be complete when she has worked off one outstanding fit; at which, should you meet her in the neighbourhood of Snowdon, I trust that you may have the pathological happiness of assisting.

In conclusion, my dear AYLWINNIEWYNNE, I wish you a more than tolerable honeymoon. And, if you will excuse the familiarity of one who, having met you at least three times, probably knows you better than you know yourself, I would remind you that there are potentialities in the direction of spiritual influence over the universe of matter more extraordinary and surprising than you, with your material prejudices, would readily suppose.

I am, my dear AYLWINNIEWYNNE, your candid Friend,
GABRIEL D'ANTY.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, May 27.—Return of Herr SCHEIDEMANTEL as *Hans Sachs*, the poet-cobbler, in *Die Meistersinger*. The operatic and dramatic mantle of SCHEIDEMANTEL has not fallen on any one's shoulders since he was here in 1884, and could only just, as it were, give London a "look in" for a few days, as he was badly wanted back again in Dresden. "Here to-day, and gone the day after to-morrow," was Herr SCHEIDEMANTEL's motto, but he



HIS OPPORTUNITY.

She (to timid admirer). "I HAVE JUST BEEN READING ABOUT WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY. DO TELL ME WHAT IT IS ALL ABOUT. I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT A BIT."

He. "WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY IS—AH—THE MEANS BY WHICH I HAVE BEEN WIRING A CERTAIN QUESTION TO YOU WITH MY EYES FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS!"

made himself so popular on the occasion of this visit, that presumably it will not be another fifteen years ere he is seen as an actor and heard as a singer once again at Covent Garden. PRINGLE as *Pogner* capital, as likewise BISPHAM as *Beckmesser*. The music of *Die Meistersinger*, taken in small doses, is delightful, but taken at one draught it becomes wearisome. On such an occasion the intervals or waits between the acts seem weightier than ever.

Derby Night.—VERDI's *Aida*, not apparently the favourite; certainly not *La Favorita*, the usual Derby Night opera: almost hitherto as inseparable as *Darby* and *Joan*. Musical people must have lost their notes at the races, the house being uncommonly poor. FRAU GADSKI, as the undaunted heroine, splendid: great loss to the absentees. MADAME LOUISE HOMER up to Homeric standard in the part of *Amneris*; *Ramsis*, or *Rumphiz* PLANCON, as Jove-like as ever; Herr DIPPEL first-rate as *Radames*. As "*Una Sacerdotessa*," her reverence Mlle. BAUERMEISTER was admirably clerical; last, but not least, Mr. LIMPRIERE PRINGLE was as stately an *Il Re* as the greatest stickler for Royal Egyptian monarchical etiquette could wish: "a *Ré*," as Mr. WAGSTAFF observed, "that lightened up the darkest scenes." Mr. STEDMAN's "choir of boys" was, of course, good, but if they have "power to add to their number," why not increase it, and make his "quire" a realm? MANCINELLI meritorious, happy and glorious, and so, good night Derby Day of 1899 at the opera.

HAPPY GEOGRAPHICAL THOUGHT (when crossing the Channel in exceptionally rough weather).—"Oh dear! What a pity that the sea everywhere can't be the Pacific Ocean!"

AN "ARMS" HOUSE.—Heralds' College.



Nursery Governess. "NOW, ELSIE, IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE A NAUGHTY GIRL, I SHALL HAVE TO PUT YOU IN A CORNER!"
 Elsie. "I DON'T TARE. I CAN FINK FUNNY FOUGHIS."

DÉROULEDE ET DREYFUS.

TOUS LES DEUX INNOCENTS ! ENCORE DES INFAMIES !
 A BAS LES JUGES !

QUEL outrage ! Quelle infamie ! DÉROULEDE innocent ! Jamais ! Il est magnifiquement et glorieusement coupable. Il a voulu conduire les soldats—vive l'armée !—à l'Elysée pour expulser l'ignoble et méprisable LOUBET, dreyfusard, panamiste. (*Here we omit ten lines of vituperation.*) Et les juges—à bas les juges !—et le jury—est-ce qu'il faut dire "à bas le jury" ? Ah non ! Ce sont de braves bourgeois—l'ont prononcé innocent. Mais tout de même il est coupable, coupable d'attaquer ces ministres infâmes. Et ils osent le mépriser. Ils voudraient briser son clairon. Quel outrage ! A bas les ministres, à bas les juges, à bas les dreyfusards ! Ah, j'étouffe ! (*Here we omit thirty-five lines of vituperation.*)

Mais ce n'est pas tout. Eux qui ont acquitté DÉROULEDE ont mensongèrement reconnu l'innocence de DREYFUS. Ah, le traître ! A bas les Juifs, à bas le Syndicat de Trahison, à bas les Anglais ! (*Here we omit forty-one lines of vituperation.*) Dire que leur client au nez de tapir n'est pas coupable, c'est le plus honteux mensonge, le plus abominable outrage, la dernière infamie d'un gouvernement tellement dégradé par les chèques du Syndicat anglais-juif que—(*Here we omit sixty-eight lines of vituperation.*)

Mais si DÉROULEDE est coupable, est-ce qu'il faut l'envoyer à l'île du Diable ? Non ! Mille fois, non ! Si DREYFUS est coupable—et qui ose le proclamer innocent sauf les infâmes salariés de l'abominable Syndicat anglais-juif ?—est-ce qu'il faut le garder à l'île du Diable ? Oui ! Mille fois, oui !

Pourquoi ? Parce qu'il faut distinguer entre un héros et un traître. Mais, en effet, je suis un peu confus moi-même. Parlons d'autre chose. Parlons de l'ignoble LOUBET. (*Here we omit twenty-three lines of vituperation.*)

Malheureusement l'illustre MARCHAND, fils de prolétaire, s'est montré si discret, si calme depuis son arrivée en France, que nous ne pouvons en espérer aucun résultat. Ce n'est pas un BOULANGER.

C'est un gentleman, comme disent les misérables Anglais. Entre nous je trouve ça admirable, mais je le regrette quand même. Ce que nous avons perdu ! Quelle chance d'embêter les ministres ! Hélas !

Et tous les autres Français ont tranquillement accepté le rapport de ce BALLOT-BEAUPRÉ, qui—(*Here we omit fourteen lines of vituperation.*) Oh, honte suprême !

Parole d'honneur, à part le vaillant et admirable MAX RÉGIS, il n'y a que DÉROULEDE, DRUMONT et moi ! Entre nous, DÉROULEDE est imbécile, et DRUMONT est fou. Donc il n'y a qu'un seul patriote en France, HENRI TROFFORT. Moi je suis la France ! A bas les Anglais, à bas les Allemands, à bas les Juifs, à bas les dreyfusards, à bas les traîtres, à bas les juges, à bas les ministres, à bas les Français, à bas tout le monde ! Vive moi-même !

HENRI TROFFORT.

SPARE A KOPEK !

[The British-American Church at St. Petersburg has opened a fund for the famine-stricken provinces of Russia. Less than ten shillings will save a *muahik's* life till the next harvest.]

In far Kazan dumb, helpless millions lie
 At the last gasp, without the strength to cry
 "Help us, O Brothers, ere like flies we die !"

Year in, year out, gaunt famine is their lot,
 Their home a squalid, typhus-ridden spot,
 Wherein, the last black crust consumed, they rot.

Though Charity begins at home, it need not end ;
 Good folks who thousands on good living spend
 One coin to save a life may surely send.

SOME COMPENSATION. — Alas, poor Holocauste ! MARCHAND arrived in time.



AT LAST!





"CAUTION! THIS HILL IS DANGEROUS!"

HOW TO ENJOY LIFE ON THE RIVER.

GET a house-boat and be sure that it is watertight and free from rats and other unpleasant visitors.

Take care that your servants have no objection to roughing it, and can turn their hands to anything usually supplied in Town by the Stores.

Accustom yourself to food in tins and bottles, and learn to love insects with or without wings.

Acclimatise yourself to mists and fogs and rainy days, and grow accustomed to reading papers four days old and the advertisements of out-of-date railway guides.

Try to love the pleasures of a regatta. Do not quarrel with the riparian owners or the possessors of other house-boats. Enjoy the pleasantries of masked musicians, and take an intelligent interest in the racing. Illuminate freely, and do your best to avoid a fire or an explosion. And if you have fireworks, don't sort them out with the light of a blazing squib or some illuminant of a similar character.

Be good, and mild and long-suffering. Rest satisfied with indifferently cooked food,

damp sheets, and wearisome companions And make the best of storms of rain and hurricanes of wind. In fact, bear everything, and grin when you can't laugh.

Another and a better way.—Put up at a comfortable riparian hotel, and when the weather is against you, run up to town and give a wide berth to the Thames and its miseries.

THE TEMPLE FLOWER SHOW.

(By the "Inner" Man.)

DID not go to the Derby; went to the Flower Show instead.

The Countess of LIMERICK and others showed a collection of fruit. Rather tantalising, this hot weather, to spread so appetising a banquet before one, and not to allow one to taste the delicacies. Left quickly, to avoid temptation.

An excellent exhibit of irises, lilies, and tulips by Messrs. BARR AND SONS—appropriate name for exhibitors in the gardens of the Inner Temple.

A tremendous display of orchids. Who is responsible for the christening of these orchids? Nice short name "Odontoglossum crispum," for instance?

URBS IN RURE.

"When every one has a bicycle and flies to the suburban roads, the suburban dwellers will desert their houses and come back to crowded London to find quiet and freedom from dust."—*Daily Paper.*

TIME was desire for peace would still
My footsteps lure to Richmond Hill,
Or to the groves of Burnham I,
Much craving solitude, would fly;
Thence, through the Summer afternoon,
'Mid fragrant meads, knee-deep in June,
Lulled by the song of birds and bees,
I'd saunter idly at mine ease
To that still churchyard where, with GRAY,
I'd dream a golden hour away,
Forgetful all of aught but this—
That peace was mine, and mine was bliss.

But now should my all-eager feet
Seek out some whilom calm retreat,
"Pip, pip!" resounds in every lane,
"Pip, pip!" the hedges ring again,
"Pip, pip!" the corn, "Pip, pip!" the rye,
"Pip, pip!" the woods and meadows cry,
As through the thirsty, fever'd day,
The red-hot scorchers scorch their way.
Peace is no longer, Rest is dead,
And sweetest Solitude hath fled;
And over all, the cycling lust
Hath spread its trail of noise and dust.

So, would I woe the joys of Quiet,
I seek no more the country's riot,
But the comparatively still
Environment of Ludgate Hill.
There, 'mongst the pigeons of St. Paul's,
I muse melodious madrigals,
Or loiter where the waters sport
'Mid the cool joys of Fountain Court,
Where, undisturbed by sharp "Pip, pip!"
My nimble numbers lightly trip,
And country peace I find again
In Chancery and Fetter Lane.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY. No. 17.

THE 'C. J.' SEAT OF JUSTICE.

An exceptionally powerful piece of humorous design, made from old law cases of Irish bog oak. Occupies the chief "place" (within the meaning of the Act), &c., &c.



Brown. "WELL, MY DEAR GIRL, I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE BEEN RATHER PLEASED THAT I'D WON FIFTY POUNDS. IT ISN'T AS IF I BETTED REGULARLY, BUT I HAD THE TIP THAT THE HORSE SIMPLY COULDN'T LOSE."

Mrs. Brown. "THAT'S ALL VERY WELL, BUT I ONLY TRUST THAT IT WON'T LEAD YOU INTO BAD HABITS, AND I THINK YOU MIGHT HAVE HAD THE DECENCY TO PUT A LITTLE ON FOR ME."

WITHOUT CEREMONY.

["The old third person formal sort of invitation is never used by smart people nowadays. All correspondence of this kind has become refreshingly simple and direct."—*Society Paper*.]

The following examples, taken from some of the most aristocratic post-bags, serve to illustrate this glorious fact:—

I.

DEAR MRS. SMYTH (or SMYTHE).—Can't remember how you spell that stupid name of yours, as I only met you once. But you're rolling in money, I hear, so you may be useful. I shall be at home on Wednesday fortnight, 4 to 7, so if you like to turn up, I don't mind. In fact, on the whole, I'm rather keen that you should

come, because your husband might find a berth for JACK—my youngest son, you know. Yours most affectionately,
ERMENTRUDE PLANTAGENET.

II.

DEAR LADY PLANTAGENET, — Not good enough, by long chalks.
Yours eternally, JANE SMITH.

III.

DEAR OLD DUKE, — There'll be eating and drinking here next Saturday—usual hour. Do come. Meant to ask Archbishop of Canterbury, the Speaker, and Mr. CECIL RHODES, but can't be bothered to write any more letters. So if you happen to run up against them, you might just mention the date and place to them. Hope you're pretty chirpy. Yours, CLARA ALAMODE.

IV.

DEAR MABEL, — As we're pretty good pals, and our people expect it, and you've got dibs, and all that—what d'you say to double harness?
Yours, etc.,
CLARENCE LOLLIPOP.

V.

DEAR CLARENCE, — Yours to hand. Righto! Announcement sent to *Morning Post*.
Thine,
MABEL.

VI.

Luk ere, ole Markuss, I'm blowed if I be goan to pay so much rent 'nother time, so I tulls 'ee flat. Naw, naw, 'twon't do, nobow. Dang it all, why, JOHN STOKES, 'e pays less money than I do, an' 'is land be a sight better than mine. So I puts it straight-like, and am yours luvvingly,
THOMAS HODGH.

P.S.—Mr. THOMAS HODGH presents his most umbel respecx to the most hon. Marquis of BAREACRES, and 'opes the above gives no offence, which none is intended. Mr. HODGH wishes to apply for a reduxion in his rent, and 'earing that nowadays the upper sercoles like their letters written in a friendly way, with no nonsense about 'em, 'e 's dun wot he can to oblige.

ARRITZING ATTENTION. — RITZ's new hotel in London ought to be near the Law Courts. Don't know how customers will like being attended to by waiters who are serving Ritz!

THE *Daily Mail* proposes that private autocars should be named by their owners, like yachts. We throw out *The Stormy Petrol* as a suggestion.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—No. 18.

THE FASHODA (STUMBLING) BLOCK CHAIR.

A very stout French chair, made of the best material, of patriotic design and highly popular at the moment across the Channel. Used at one time to carry the tricolour across an insalubrious part of Egypt, but since happily relieved and returned to France. Periodically damaged by an excess of moisture, which recurs upon sight provocation. This chair is greatly admired in England, although it was at one time used by an unscrupulous political party as a stumbling-block to trip up a well-known general. [From the Military Museum; Paris.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Wednesday, May 31.—A fine day and, withal, the Derby Day. School re-opens after Whitsun Holidays. Occasion seems created for a count out. A private member's bill holds the stage. The Government Whips don't keep the door in the Lobby; in fact, they have gone out by it. Her Majesty's Ministers take the liberty of extending their holiday. JOHN O' GORST in sole possession of Treasury Bench, save when JESSE COLLINGS from time to time enters, and wanders over its three acres in search of the cow. Front Opposition Bench by comparison quite a populated place. C.B. there brisk and early, supported by quite half-a-dozen colleagues.

That promising against forebodings of a count. ROBSON, Q.C., begins to cheer up. It is his day and his bill, the latter designed to secure an added year's education for the children. Soon as SPEAKER takes the Chair becomes clear that the bill isn't going to be wiped out because there's no quorum. At least two hundred present; a great thing for an ordinary Wednesday; a marvel for the Derby Day. Successive divisions show that majority are on the children's side. Only Lancashire won't have the bill, which is calculated to interfere with trade. So Lancashire members band together, resolved to prevent it getting through Committee-stage at to-day's sitting.

WHITELEY lives up to his world-wide fame. Such a Universal Provider of amendments never was seen since Irish members retired from business of obstruction. TOMLINSON, sitting above gangway, gaped with admiration. Here was a Heaven-born leader, a man whose deft fingers could put the bobbins on the Parliamentary spindles and remove them when filled. Lancashire, like *Todgers's*, could do it when it liked.

In spite of overwhelming majority, it did the Half-Timers Bill. Made speeches, took hopeless divisions, walked humbly but



TOO MUCH FOR THE SOUTHRONS.

Sir L-w-s M'Iv-r. "Man, it wid tak' mair than twa cockneys to move ut! I wouldna wish to be boastfu', but it tak's a braw cawmell laddie like mysel' to toss sic a bonny 'caber'!"

Sir L-w-s M'Iv-r, Mr. H-nb-ry, Mr. St-dm-n, Mr. P-ck-rsg-ll.

firmly in the steps of the lamented JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR. Speaking in metaphor, it kept the pot a-biling till half-past five was reached. After that hour on Wednesdays debate may not be prolonged. So ROBSON, Q.C.'s, little bill, having been brought up almost within touch of the goal, dropped out of the running.

"They may say what they like about Thermopylae," said TOMLINSON, who wasn't at Christchurch without learning a thing or two. "I think we've shown the world to-day that if a pass has to be held against overwhelming numbers, the Spartan spirit still survives in Lancashire."

Business done.—The Half-Timers Bill successfully obstructed.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Peers came back to work to-day, bubbling with energy. True they are a day later than the Commons in buckling to after the holidays. But they started some days earlier, which makes things straight. Plenty of room to swing a cat if any one had felt uncontrollable desire for the occupation. The Woolsack crowded, Bishop of LONDON sharing it with LORD CHANCELLOR. Elsewhere nearly empty benches. GRAND CROSS, in white waistcoat, emblematic of Summer, came in with

the month of June. He solely represented Her Majesty's Ministers, Lord SPENCER appearing for Her Majesty's Opposition. With characteristic modesty refrained from taking seat on Front Bench. Never was a man to push himself to the front. Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND here. Understand when one gazes on his manly face what SARK means when he says he would not like to have been at Chevy Chase ranged against the PERCY.

Principal business of the day, according to agenda, was "JONES's Divorce Bill." What happened to JONES or to his bill difficult to say. Procedure in Lords embarrassing to the commonalty. Lord MORLEY, Chairman of Committees, stands at Table with paper in his hand, mumbles something that sounds like "read a second time, mum mum mum; read a third time, mum mum mum. Committee." Sits down. LORD CHANCELLOR gets up, says something to the same effect, with additional remark that sounds like "Content" or "Not Content." Then it's all over with JONES; Lords go home, feeling they have deserved well of their country.

Business done.—Supply in Commons. JONES's case on in the Lords.



"IRRESPONSIBLE FRIVOLITY."

An impression of Sir W. Harcourt in the Outer Lobby, June 1.



Honest Dealer. "E'S A GOOD 'OSS. BUT I MUST TELL YER, 'E 'AS ONE FAULT—'E'S
A LITTLE GIVEN TER RUNNIN' AWAY WITH YER."
Client. "IF THAT'S ALL, HE'LL DO SPLENDIDLY. THAT LAST HORSE I HAD OF YOU WAS
GIVEN TO RUNNING AWAY WITHOUT ME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"Well, After All—" (HUTCHINSON), Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE'S latest novel, might truthfully have been called "*Better After All*." One going through a series of experiences is ever prone to regard the last as the best or the worst. Yielding to that human infirmity, my Baronite, familiar with Mr. Moore's latest works, is disposed to think he here excels himself. Perhaps he doesn't. Certainly he has done uncommonly well. The plot is admirably constructed, its unsuspected secret preserved to the very last page, where it is flashed forth in an effective scene. The study of the woman whose Knight loves and rides away, leaving her faithfully nourishing her affection to find him coming back after many years utterly indifferent, is good. More lightly painted in, but not less effective, is the figure of the faithless Knight, and his unfeigned unconsciousness that he had made so deep a mark on a woman's heart.

Robespierre and the Red Terror (HUTCHINSON) is an attractive-looking book. The subject, always of deathless interest, is just now freshly revived for the British reader by the play at the Lyceum. A glance down its table of contents increased the zest with which my Baronite approached it. But alack! Dr. JAN TEN BRINK, even with the assistance of Mr. HEDEMAN'S translation, cannot overcome the obscurity, not to say the incoherency, of the Dutch language as it strikes the unlearned Saxon. If Mynheer JAN TEN BRINK is an average specimen of his race, in matters of narrative the fault of the Dutch is lack of lucidity. There is no sequence in his chapters, which begin anywhere and land the bewildered reader nowhere particular.

Seven cities, we are told, contended for the honour of being the dead HOMER'S birthplace: cities "through which, when living, HOMER begged his bread." At least seven religions and anti-religions have claimed SHAKSPERE as their own. The Baron's opinion is that in no case has the claim been made out. There is

L'OPULENTO.

(Vide "*Punch*," May 31.)

HENCE, hateful Poverty,
The brat of Filth and Squalor misbegot!
Drag out thy wretched lot
Wet-nursed by drunken Brawl and Misery.
Hence to some noisome lair
Where Alcohol exhales her poison'd breath
Of Pestilence and Death,
What time in that fierce battle for bare life,
Tiger-like, man and wife
Famished, do tear and rend each other
there.

But come, thou Goddess, fair and kind,
Gorgeous in the gems of Ind,
Lapped in beauty, bred in health,
Hail, thou golden Goddess, Wealth!
No longer let me wearied go
In jolting 'bus to Pimlico,
Nor travel that dark Stygian round,
Cavern'd in the Underground.
But let me, when men homeward hie,
In winged hansom westward fly,
Or let my spanking bays, still faster,
Convey me home, their lord and master.

Or, should Appetite remind
That as yet I have not dined,
Let me to the Club repair
When the *chefs* are busy there.
Man is human, and, they say,
He can dine but once a day,
But betwixt your pot-house steak
And the dinner I would take,
What a chasm! As for drink,
Show me the slave who dares to think
His miserable cider *riant*

A patch upon my *Château-Brick*.

Some love twist, and others brag
Of the pungent joys of shag.
Faugh! Bring me the weed that grew
By the waves of Cuba blue,
Mellow'd to a tender age
In some cedar hermitage.
On downy couch reclined, I
Would watch the smoke clouds curling by,
Careless of all save idle themes—
So let me lie and dream sweet dreams!

These delights if thou canst give,
Wealth, with thee I mean to live.

not evidence sufficient to show what SHAKSPERE'S religious opinions really were, or whether he really had any. But there is enough evidence to show what they were *not*; and this has been done in a very skilful and scholarly way by the late Mr. SIMPSON and the living Rev. S. BOWDEN, between them, in the volume just published by Messrs. BURNS AND OATES. By the very simple and straightforward method of letting his writings speak for themselves, they show clearly that "SHAKSPERE was not on the winning side in his day in politics or religion, that he carefully avoided all those appeals to popular prejudice about monks and nuns, popes and cardinals, which form the farcical element of so many plays of his time; nay, more, that in adapting old plays he carefully expunged every satire of the ancient faith." Beyond that nothing is clear. He kept his convictions to himself, and said "nothing to nobody," which, in the Baron's experience, is rather the way of people in the present day, who, like him, are actors first and dramatists afterwards. It may not be a very heroic way. But it isn't every one who has a taste for martyrdom. This *Religion of Shakspeare* is, in the Baron's judgment, a very clear, candid, and conclusive bit of work. THE B. DE B.-W.

NOISY DOGS.—Lord SUFFIELD, when annoyed by the barking of dogs that rudely interrupted the flow of his lordship's eloquence, told the secretary, according to the *Daily Mail*, "in somewhat petulant tones" to "stop those dogs barking." His lordship naturally was hurt to think that any of his audience should lose a syllable of his speech. He might have said, Shakspearianly, when I "Ope my lips, let no dog bark!" or, from the gentle Dr. WATTS, he could have smilingly quoted, with gracious condescension,

"Let dogs delight
To bark,"

and then his lordship's speech might have "been taken as read."